

A FREN' OF ME FREN'S FREN'

By J. LEICESTER HOLME
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By T. C. McTear

"Well, Kitty," said young Mr. Billy Dunn to his better half, "I'm up against it for fair. There ain't a thing in sight, an' that's a fact."

"Ah, now," replied Kitty in an encouraging tone, "don't go to sayin' that, Billy. Sure there must be a plenty o' jobs for such a fine man as you are yourself. An' our good clothes still lastin' an' you lookin' so well too. Sure, now, go down to Steve O'Connell an' ask him. He'll know a man or two, that's what."

"Now I'll tell you, Billy," said Steve O'Connell ten minutes later, leaning comfortably across his little bar, "I don't know. You see, it's just after election, an' everything's full up to the gummel. But now I'll tell you honest, Billy. I'll do somethin' for you. I'll introduce you to the man that'll introduce you to the man that's cap'n o' the precinct, an' there's one chance in a hundred that there'll be somethin' doin'."

The side door opened, and the tip of a helmet was thrust into the room. "By George!" exclaimed the bartender. "Here's the man himself. Say, Mulligan," he called. The helmet advanced into the saloon with Mulligan under it. "Say, Mulligan, you know Mr. Dunn. No? Well, make yourself acquainted with him. Mr. Dunn, Mr. Mulligan," Mr. Mulligan, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Mulligan," he continued, "Billy wants to get a job out o' your office. What'll you have? He wants to get a job, an' could you oblige me as a fren', Mulligan, by puttin' my fren' Billy Dunn next to the wardman?"

"An' I'll take great pleasure," said Mulligan, smacking his lips, "in introducin' to any wardman any friend o' me friend Steve O'Connell. An' that's really elegant whisky you have on tap, Mr. O'Connell, so it is."

"Captain," said the wardman a day or two later as he ushered in a well-dressed man, "this is Billy Dunn, pretty well known around here and a great friend of a friend of mine. He wants a job, anything you know to tide over for awhile. If you can do anything for him, cap, why, I'm standing back of him, you know."

"Mr. Dunn," remarked the captain after the wardman had left, "I'll tell you just how it is. You know this is just after election, and everybody wants everything in sight. There ain't a thing I've got that there ain't a dozen fellows trying to hold it down. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I'll give you a signed knockdown to the chief, and if he can do anything, why, there you are. That's the best I can do."

He wrote a short letter of introduction, and, being pleased with the appearance of the applicant, he made it a bit stronger than usual.

"Blame it all!" exclaimed the chief of police as Dunn stood before him at headquarters the next day. "Kelly knows blame well there's no use sendin' you fellows up to me. Every blame position in my power to give is full, and Kelly knows it." He glanced up from the letter. The appearance of his visitor somewhat mollified him. "Mr. Dunn," he continued, "I'm sorry, blame sorry, to disappoint a personal friend of the captain's, but you know there's a limit to offices and to patience too. But here, since you're a personal friend of Kelly's, there's one thing I can do. I've got some influence with the mayor, and I understand he's got some small jobs left. I'll write a note, and you take it to the mayor, with this note of Kelly's, and I'll call him up on the phone and tell him you're coming. I'm always ready to oblige a friend of the captain's if I can."

Dunn took the note and started for the clerk's office. He ran the gantlet and was in line to wait his turn.

"Mayor," he said as the mayor came in, "I've got a note from Kelly, and he's directed to send out the chief to hear it." "Mr. Dunn," the ordinance relating to jobs," gasped the chief as he saw Dunn. "The chief was brought up for food," he said. "The chief was assaulted by Mr. Moon, don't want a piece of legislation and was the table."

A Puzzle to Police.

Detective Sergeant James Bell of E. of paper, age, and a long experience, the men who don't live work, says that a friend of his is up against it. He me, what, in heaven, they ever struck me to do anything for the burglar, can't want a job."

"I want," said Dunn, "a man with introduction to the chief who singularly enough," by cutting locally, "singularly enough," his working met."

"Here, Mr. Dunn," replied the chief, "you keep those letters, and the them. And for the rest, and the to you with the greatest. It is to any friend of the chief's, as to that young lady in the corner was a date such a letter as you would sign it. Well, well, a friend of the chief's and doesn't want a job! Now, what can I do for you," continued the mayor to the next man in the line, resuming his accustomed air of weariness. The next man wanted a job. Two days later Mr. William Dunn sat closeted with the governor.

"Here are three letters," explained Mr. Dunn—"one from Captain Kelly, one from the chief and one from the mayor. I won't trouble you with the two first." He laid the mayor's letter down in front of the governor and signed the signatures upon the other

two letters before him. The governor merely glanced at them and then perused the letter of the mayor. It was a strong letter of recommendation. Mr. Dunn had taken care of that. "Don't believe I've got a thing for you, Mr. Dunn," said the governor, "but I'll see." He pushed a button.

"Sturgis," he said to a man who appeared, "this is Mr. Dunn, a personal friend of Captain Kelly and the chief up the state and of Mayor Clayton. They want to place him, and I want to know what we've got on hand."

"Well," returned Sturgis doubtfully, "I don't know. There's only one place left, and I don't know whether that will suit any friend of the mayor. I doubt it. Still—"

"What is it?" inquired the governor. "It's the head of that new record department, that's all."

"Well, that's a fact, Mr. Dunn," in terposed the governor, "I don't know whether it would suit you, but it's all we've got, and if you want it—" Dunn leaned forward in his chair. "What does it pay, Mr. Sturgis?" he inquired.

"Well, that's just it," returned Sturgis. "It only pays \$3,000 regular salary, but—"

"Three thousand!" gasped Mr. Billy Dunn.

"Yes," returned Sturgis apologetically. "I thought you wouldn't want it, although there are lots of men that do. Still, Mr. Dunn, what with postage and sealing wax and—things, why, you ought to get at least \$5,000 out of it, one way and another, during the year. What do you think? It's the best we can do."

Mr. Dunn rose from his chair and walked over to the window. "Well," he replied finally, in a doubtful tone of voice, "I'll take it, after all."

The governor looked pleased. He leaned over and whispered to Sturgis: "This makes me solid now with those up state fellows, and you can write Dobbins and tell him that he can't have the job. I didn't want him to get it anyway. So it's all right all around."

"Well now, Mr. Dunn," said the governor as his visitor rose, "you can start in when you get ready, any time. And when you go back remember me to the mayor and Kelly and the chief. They're good fellows, all of them. Goodby, sir."

"Kitty," exclaimed the Hon. Billy Dunn a few hours later, as he finished his recital of what had happened, "this is my new motto. I made it up myself."

"Let's hear it!" exclaimed Kitty expectantly.

The Hon. Billy Dunn drew himself up to his full height.

"It's 'Always seek an introduction when in doubt,'" he said. "It's the latest move in the game of politics, it is."

Modifying a Story.
In writing about the cowboys of South America, Mr. Paul Fountain represents them as having been magnified by other travelers who had not come in contact with the men themselves, but had listened to stories told about them. To show that such stories increase as the square of the distance he tells the following anecdote, which reminds one of the classic three black crows:

A friend was traveling on foot to a place which he called "Chip City." At the first stop his host exclaimed:

"What! Going to Chip? Why, they killed seventeen men there in a street fight last week!"

The next day the host with whom he happened to stop varied the story thus: "Going to Chip? Terrible place. Why, they stabbed twelve men to death there a month ago."

At the third stopping place the story was: "I wouldn't go to Chip if I were you. Worst rowdies in the state. Six weeks ago they shot seven men in cold blood!"

At the week's end it was: "Not a nice place, Chip. Three months ago they killed two men in the street."

Arrived at Chip City, which was a mining place, my friend found that a single man had been killed in a fair fight about two years previously.

Left Her Editor in Tears.
Little Miss Vera's ideas of the susceptibility of the editorial heart are somewhat exaggerated. She has been deeply impressed of late by the erratic movements of a mature friend who prepares manuscript for newspapers and so has come to be something of a writer herself. Over page after page she scrawls undecipherable sentences in her unsteady, primary department hand, and when the stories are finished she submits them in person to an imaginary editor whom she has dubbed "Mr. Bunting."

One day last week she told her friend that she had written a new story.

"What is it about?" asked the friend. "Oh," was the reply. "I can't tell. It is too sad to talk about."

The friend asked no further questions, and presently Vera volunteered additional information. "I took it downtown and showed it to Mr. Bunting today," she said.

"Yes?" said her friend. "What did he say about it?"

"He didn't say anything," was the reply, "but he just cried as if his heart would break."—New York Press.

The Word Agnostic.
Professor Huxley invented the word "agnostic." Finding himself one day a "man without a rag of a label to cover himself with," he concluded to call himself by a name of his own coining. It came into his head, said Huxley, as suggestively antithetic to the gnostic of church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which he himself was ignorant, and the professor "took the very earliest opportunity of parading it at our society, to show that I, too, had a tail like other foxes."

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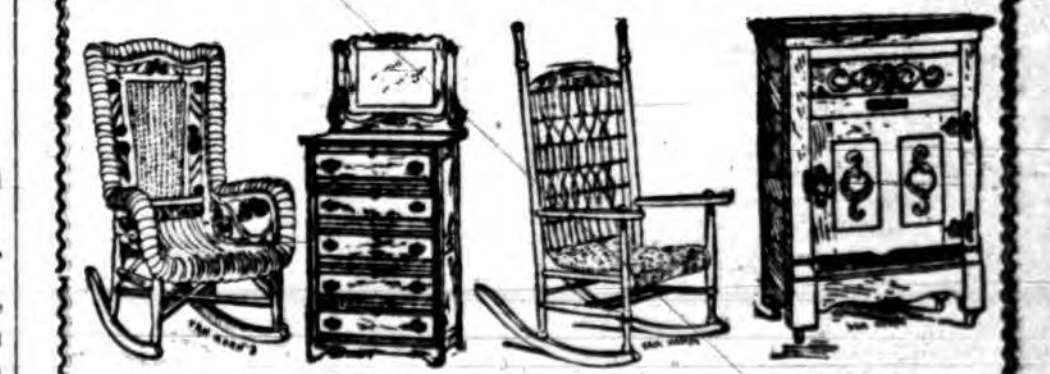
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